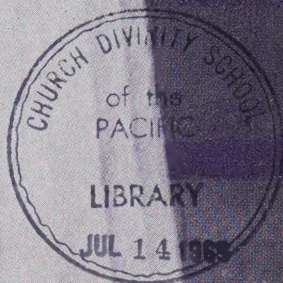


TOP TENNIS TIPS
RALLY FOR DECENCY
WENDY THE PIPER

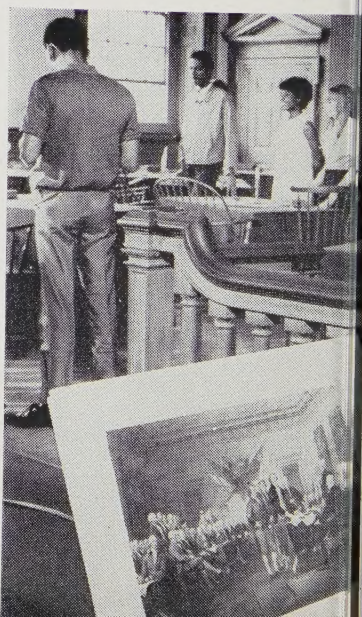
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JUNE 29/69





Wendy Lynn and the Doodletown Pipers





When Wendy Lynn auditioned for the Doodletown Pipers, they wanted her to join right away, but she was still in high school. Since her graduation a year ago, she's been one of the 16 performers who sing and dance under the direction of Ward Ellis and with musical arrangements by George Wilkins. Now 18, Wendy has spent the year traveling all over the U. S., Canada, and Puerto Rico. She's met and worked with big-name stars and appeared on network TV.

"Music has always been special to me. I wouldn't be surprised if music was on while I was born. I don't remember not ever knowing about music. What first got me keyed up was 'West Side Story.' I saw that musical ten times and each time I cried at the same place I cried before. . . . My parents gave me singing and ballet lessons because I wanted them, not because they wanted me to have them. They weren't show business pushers; they saw something that I wanted to do, so they let me do it. I took dancing at the San Francisco Ballet. . . . When I was 11 years old, I got to 'The Music Man' with Ward Tucker at the Sheraton Palace Hotel. I played 'Amaryllis' and that's how I got all involved in musical comedies. From there I did 'Bye, Bye, Birdie,' modeling, some TV commercials, 'Fire and Song,' 'Oliver,' and 'The Sound of Music'—a whole bunch of stuff like that. Being on stage in a musical was better than going out on a Friday night date. . . . If it weren't for music, I wouldn't know how to express myself."

Youth /

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June 29, 1969

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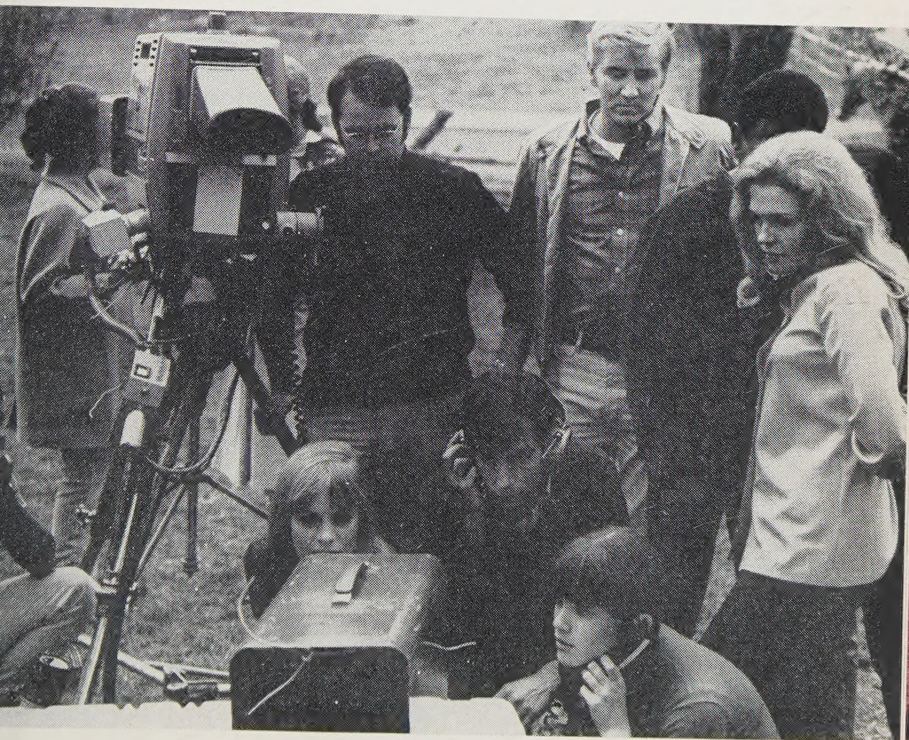
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"The main thing about being a Piper for me is the performing end and learning about the business. And as a Piper, you have to be an image you know—a clean-cut American kid. Of course, a Piper is a little more hip than that. . . . The creators of the Pipers thought that the public would like a group that could move, dance, sing, have a nice sound, be good looking, and make people happy by seeing them. Now and again, we get to get a social comment in—like, saying that bigotry is wrong, people have got to be free, and everybody is equal. But mostly it's an entertaining group—pleasant to listen to. Some people call the Pipers 'square'. We don't do all that hippie-type stuff. Groups that are not 'square' are only liked by hippie or younger kids. But we're lucky to the extent that we're fairly popular with everybody. And that's what the creators wanted the group to do. . . . You're kept busy every single minute of the day. When you're not busy, you may think about being lonesome or what I'm doing and why am I doing it—then you think about the performing and the fun and meeting the people you wouldn't have met if you hadn't been doing what you're doing. And you really love it. You've got to, otherwise you can't do it. If you're just doing it for the money, you're crazy."

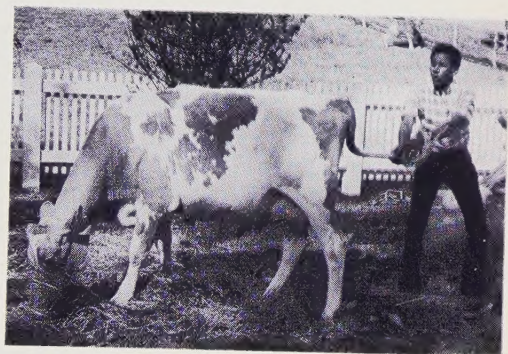


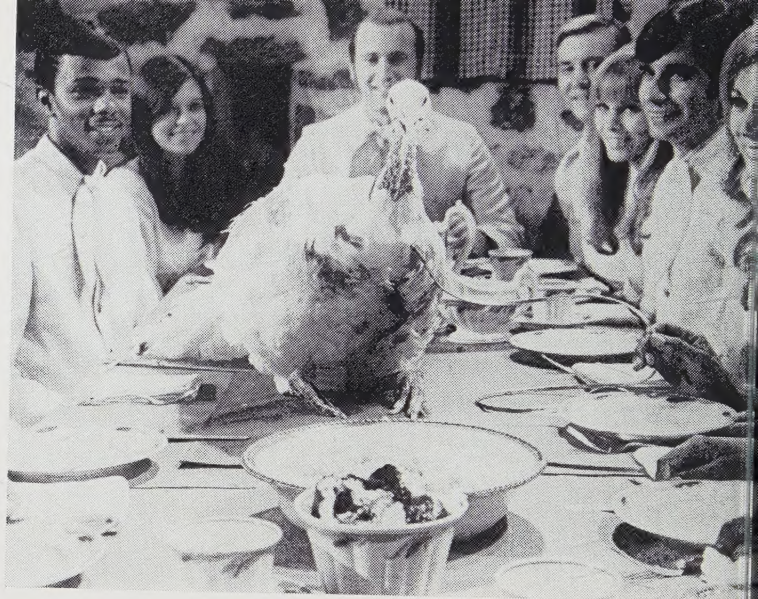


There is a little bit of glamor to being a Piper, because you're involved with people in show business that I guess other people wouldn't see—like I met Frank Sinatra, Jr.—you know, big deal—and Sammy Davis, Jr., Phil Harris, and Harry James. And it was fun doing the Jerry Lewis Show. He's a very talented man—sometimes a spoiled kid, but really talented. Our group was on the Ed Sullivan Show and that was exciting to me, because that's supposed to be the epitome of making it. Ed Sullivan is very sincere about what he's doing. He feels like he's doing a good service by taking talent that other people would never have seen. And I think Bobby Morse is a doll—an absolute doll. I'm really sorry that "That's Life" is going off the air. That TV show was great for him. He's a great performer, so professional he can clown around in anything. I like that man. He's really nice.

"Our Canadian trip was hard work, because we were doing one-nighters. It's hard to work up the energy to do a show or two every night when you're traveling all day on a bus that's cold and damp and it's snowing outside. It was exciting, though. I liked the trip because of the scenery. It's the first time I ever saw snow.

"Las Vegas is a strange town. It's a lonely town. It's a loser's town. People just go there to gamble and see shows, but mainly to gamble. Very rarely do people win. So you've got a lot of losers hanging around there. And it's a very down feeling; it's a strange feeling. It's like a carnival feeling. Very plastic, very phony. I got the feeling that the entertainers are the only really honest people there."



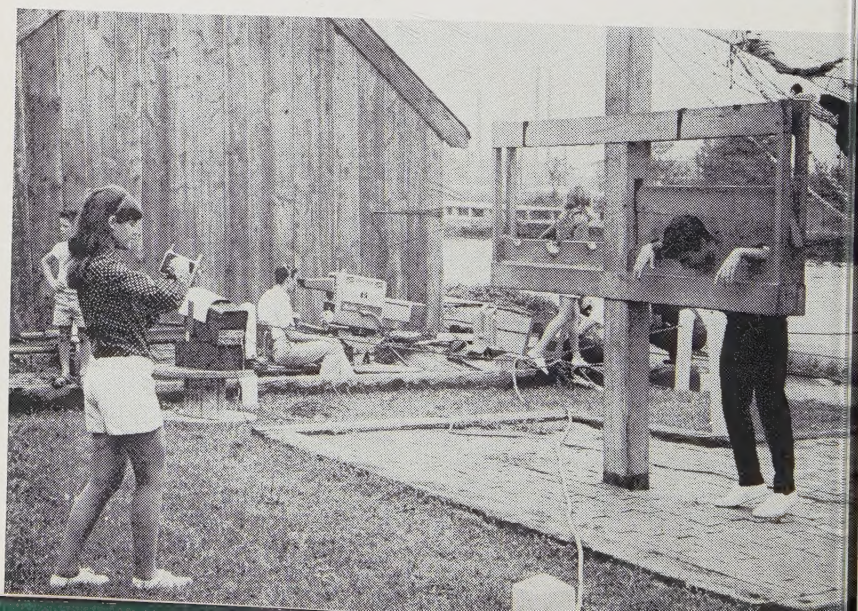




"You've got to have a relationship going with the audience—that's the main point. Otherwise you lose the whole thing. You've got to make them feel they're participating—not just looking in. . . . No matter how down I am before the show, the minute I get out there, I get all cheerful and happy and everything and I try to make everybody in the audience feel good. No matter how you feel, you've got to make the audience think that this is the best time you've done this show and that you're really excited about it.

"The material may be the same, but the show isn't the same, because you've got a different audience with each show and the kids are in different frames of mind each time. They may be up to the show each time but they're each up in a different way.

"There's a lot of times when you go over one little three-minute number on a TV show say 16 or 20 times and each time you've got to be up to it. You've got to do it exactly the way you want it done—exciting, enthusiastic, vibrant and all turned on. The TV audience doesn't want to know that you've been sitting there for 16 hours, that you're tired and hungry, that you've got a headache and you don't feel like being there, and, besides, the director has been yelling at you because you've been doing something wrong. The audience wants to know that you're a really turned-on group. You've got to be able to turn it on at any point. It's a way of being able to control and discipline yourself so that you can call upon resources at any time to do the job that needs to be done."



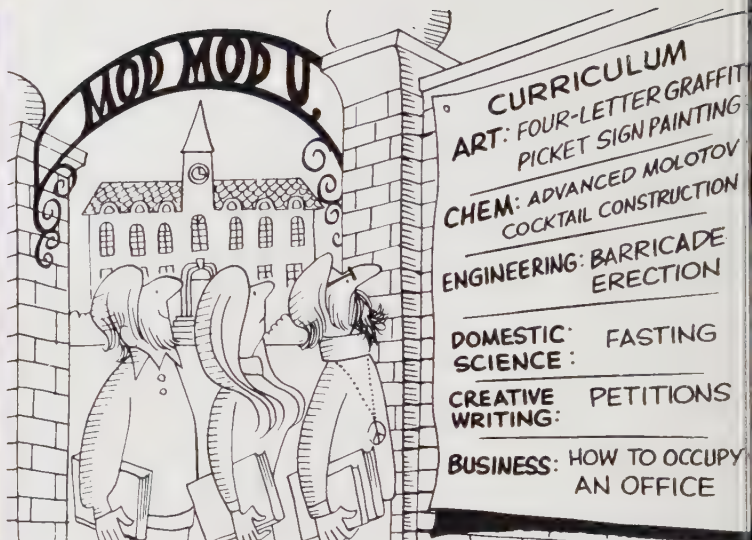
"I do what's right for me so long as I'm not hurting somebody else. It guides me through a lot of things. Like, if I find that my going about doing something is going to hurt somebody very dear to me, I'll think twice about what I want to do. And if I can figure out how to do it and not hurt somebody, I'll do it a different way, even if it takes me twice as long. I don't like to hurt people.

"When you in show business, no one looks after you but yourself. You're a product and they're going to sell you as far as they can sell you. And then when you're not a good product, they'll dump you and get someone else. The sooner you learn about that, the better off you are. You have to think for yourself and you can't make the decisions emotionally. You've got to weigh the pros and cons of everything, and if the pros outweigh the cons, then do it, if you think you can do it. You always have a choice in this world. The thing is whether you want to live up to the responsibility behind the choice. That's the thing.

"My goal is to be a good performer. I think I'll always be performing, whether I'm in show business, or I'm married. It's either born in you or not. If I found that I had lost my ability to make people happy by singing, or dancing, or telling jokes, or acting in front of them, I would immediately stop and do something else.

"An entertainer is someone who has people listen to them and while they're listening, they forget about their other problems. They listen to a song and for a little time, they forget how miserable they are and what problems they have, and they're entertained. It's a good thing. This world would be really bad if we didn't have people like that." ▼





NATO'S COLONIAL FORCES MUST STOP THEIR ADVENTURIST MANEUVERINGS NEAR OUR MOTHERLAND'S BORDER. THE PENTAGON'S NEO-IMPERIALISTS ARE INTIMIDATING OUR PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE AND WE DEMAND IMMEDIATE WITHDRAWAL!



ENGLISH

КОЛОНИЗАТОРСКИЕ СИЛЫ НАТО ДОЛЖНЫ ПРЕКРАТИТЬ СВОИ АВАНТЮРИСТИЧЕСКИЕ МАНЕВРЫ



RUSSIAN

L'ARMÉE COLONIALE DE NATO DOIT CESSER IMMEDIATEMENT CES MANOEUVRES ADVENTURIERES



FRENCH

THAT RED CATS UPTIGHT ABOUT THE NATO FUZZ GROOVING NEAR HIS TURF. HE'S GOT THIS HANG-UP THAT SOME HOODS IN THE PENTAGON PAD ARE BLOWING THEIR MINDS ABOUT HOW TO BUG HIS FOLK WHO JUST WANT TO DO THEIR OWN THING



HIPPY

THE BIBLE BELT IS NOT A KARATE AWARD

VERY INTERESTING

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DDTy

AT OUR INTERFAITH
BREAKFAST WE'RE
STARTING WITH
TEMPLE ORANGE JUICE

VERY
INTERESTING!

Doty

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I LIKE TO THINK OF SATAN AS THE FIRST DROPOUT

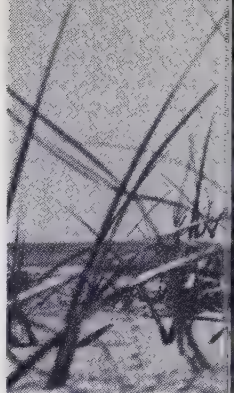
very interesting

DOTY

A cartoon illustration. In the background, a door is labeled "REINCARNATION SOCIETY". A hand is holding a sign in front of the door. The sign reads "BACK SOON AS SOMETHING ELSE". The cartoon is signed "Doty" in the bottom right corner.

DoTy

At the end of school,
The same school that was
Jeered for twelve years.
At the end,
Where the leap into
One's own control of freedom
Is the great cliff,
And below and on all its sides
Is gathered such a fog
With only this and that showing through.

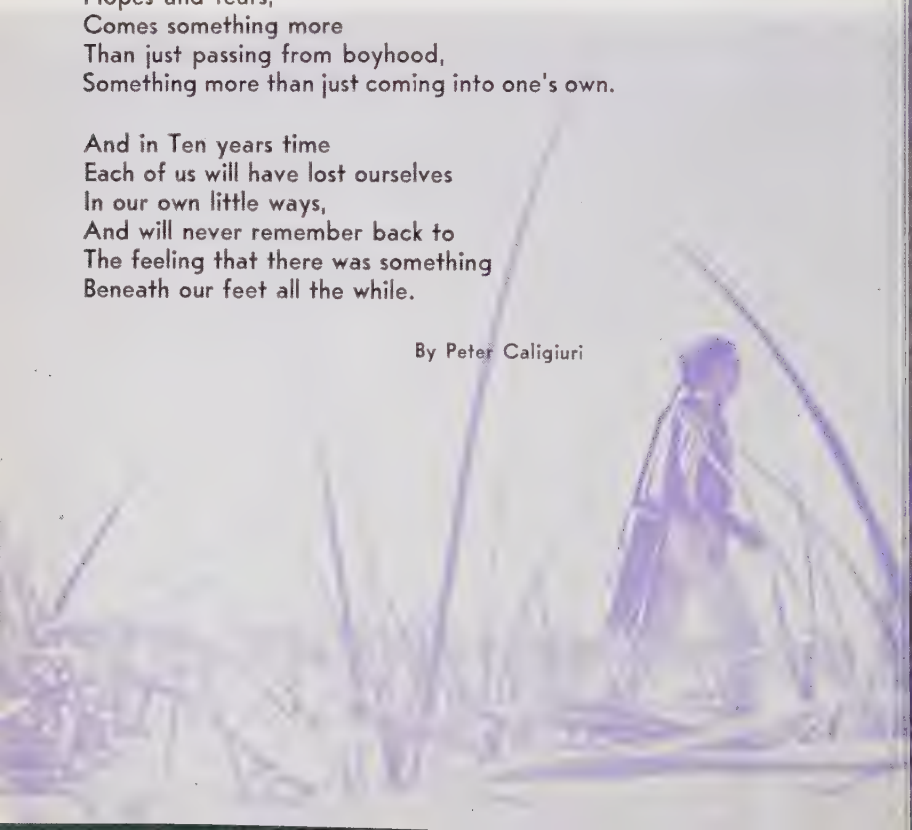


At the end
Where one leaves forever
The solid grounding
Of rules and regulations
And passes out onto
Hopes and fears,
Comes something more
Than just passing from boyhood,
Something more than just coming into one's own.

goodbye
&
hello!

And in Ten years time
Each of us will have lost ourselves
In our own little ways,
And will never remember back to
The feeling that there was something
Beneath our feet all the while.

By Peter Caligiuri





I read a lot of my friend's stuff. I mean, I read the stuff my friends who write write. Anyway, all of them write about the beach. They never say what beach, or anything like that, they just ramble on and on about The Beach. Some of their descriptions are good, but it always seems to me that they're trying to impress somebody. Big, huge, amazing words telling you all about purple and orange and gray and swooping seagulls and everything like that. I get the feeling that they went to the beach (any beach) with their notebooks and wrote down every detail they could find, and then looked in a thesaurus for all the nice words that would apply.

Now, I've got nothing against the beach. As a matter of fact, it's my favorite place, next to camp, which I can't write about, and North Kenwood, which I can. But I don't think those people really know the beach or they wouldn't spend all that time and energy with the details when they haven't captured the reality and at the same time the detachment you can feel there. It has a personality of its own. And, man, I can't grab the whole beach in one fell swoop! I wouldn't even want to try!! Most of the time I sit there and look at my old toes and I see those little bits of sand trying to sneak up through 'em. Or else I watch the waves with all that gummy white foam mixed with dead fish (my lake, Michigan, is sort of polluted, sometimes) and make up fantasies about me and the sea. Or else I play tag with the lake, and run insanely back and forth along the edge of the water.

But once in a while I get carried away, and try to look at the whole thing. Can't do it. Can't find a word. You can't put the beach and all that power on paper! Usually, after making this mistake, and after I stand there speechless (thoughtless, rather) for a long time, I get overwhelmed. I start thinking about Love, or the Meaning of Life. Then I get all hung up and my day is shot.

RALLY FOR DECENCY

BY MARY BETH JACKSON / On March 1, 1969, Jim "Baby, Light My Fire" Morrison of The Doors rock group stood center stage at Miami's Dinner Key Auditorium and screamed a challenge to an audience of 12,000 young people.

"You're all a bunch of slaves. What are you going to do about it?" he asked. "Man, I'd like to see a little nakedness around here. Grab your friend and love him! There are no laws! There are no laws!"

But only one person in the auditorium followed his cue and that was Morrison himself as he disarranged his clothing and behaved in what a warrant for his arrest would later describe as a "lewd and lascivious" manner.

The audience was incensed not to riot but to leave, complaining about spending six dollars a head for an hour-and-five-minute program which included only one song by Morrison, and that off-key.

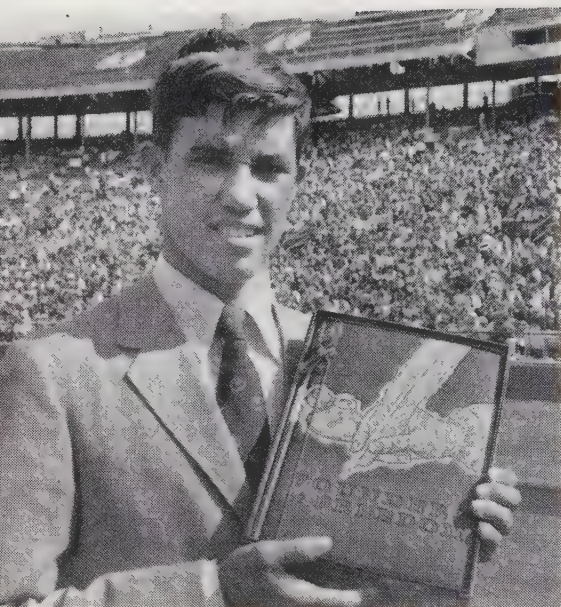
Morrison's challenge of "What are you going to do about it?" would be answered all right, but not that night. In the weeks following, as a total of six warrants were issued charging Morrison with indecent exposure, public profanity and public drunkenness as well as lewd behavior, a core of committed teenagers would continue to make headlines long after Morrison had drifted off the front pages with the charges still pending at this writing.

What the teens decided to do about the performance initially was to stage the now-famous Teenage Rally for Decency on March 23 in the Orange Bowl. But that was only the beginning. ▶

Photos by Bill Sanders







**"WHAT TROUBLES ME IS THAT SO
MANY GOOD MEN SIT BACK AND
DO NOTHING."**

Mike Levesque at the rally received a special book from the Freedoms Foundation.

Mike Levesque, a 17-year-old who organized the rally, issued what was popularly dubbed "Mike's Manifesto" by saying: "It isn't all the world which troubles me. It's the fact that so many good men sit back and do nothing."

What Miami and a Teen Executive Committee of nine other public and parochial school students did was organize the inter-faith rally with a minimum of carefully chosen adult advisors. The Rev. James Briggs of St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral served as coordinator; Dr. Ben Sheppard, a former juvenile court judge, was general chairman; and an adult advisory committee included the mayor of Miami, a city commissioner, the editor of a Negro newspaper, a local Cuban television personality, juvenile judges and rep-

resentatives of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths.

The real push, however, came from the youth themselves as they lined up such performers as Jackie Gleason, Anita Bryant and Ted MacL and arranged for a series of speeches which would explain the five virtues for which they stood: belief in God, love of planet and country, love of family, reverence for one's sexuality and the equality of all men.

"I call on all teenagers to stand up and be counted if they feel like I do," said Mike, who was not present at The Doors concert. "I forced a great number of good teenagers gathering with me at the Orange Bowl and having a rally there to proclaim to Miami and to the world what our real philosophy of life is."

He was prophetic not only in Mi

ami where the Orange Bowl rally drew 30,000 persons, many bussed in by church groups, but across the country as the idea spread.

At the Miami rally old ladies on folding chairs and teenagers in micro-minis were side by side. Many waved tiny American flags passed out by the American Legion. Others tapped their sandaled feet to rock bands. Signs in the crowd read "Down with Obscenity," "St. John Bosco Youth Movement Supports You," and "Stay Clean—Swim! The Coral Park High Swim Team." A Salvation Army banner fluttered in the Sunday breeze on the far side of the stadium.

Mayor Chuck Hall, head of Dade County government, stuck a flag in his breast pocket and said, "I think we should do this every six months. This is magnificent, isn't it?"

"These young people are out to show the world it isn't about to fall apart," commented Ted Mack, the former master of ceremonies of a national television talent show.

The audience did more than sing-along with entertainers and wave flags. The youth heard their peers speak about what society today means to them.

"The power of Love is found in all people and makes us all brothers," said Joe Burke in a speech.

"Sex is being exploited," contended Julie James. "We can be both modern and modest. Sex is not a plaything. It is not giving up the body without giving up a commitment of the total self."

And from Mike Levesque, "Each man must realize for himself that he cannot just sit back and let the

world go by him. He must be a part of the world."

Alan Rosenthal, a member of the teen executive committee, speaking on patriotism, explained later he had "leaned a little to the left to talk about what the majority of people think."

The majority of the people in the Orange Bowl seemed to approve. Police reported it was the best crowd ever with no hoodlums, no protesters, no scenes, and no arrests. A different story would be told in April at a Baltimore rally in which 100 persons were injured and 80 arrested in a rock-throwing and knifing incident at a decency rally inspired by the Miami program.

Alan figures Miami escaped any violence at the rally because of security, including plainclothesmen on the look-out for potential troublemakers and a behind-the-scenes adult controlling the microphones to prevent any unauthorized speakers from disrupting the program.

"If somebody could get to the mike, he could take over," Alan speculated. "Rallies need to be careful in setting up good security."

Several religious groups passed out materials and the Legionnaires their flags, but the Miami teens were determined to keep both right and left-wing influences, political or religious, out of the program.

"Protestants, Catholics and Jews were working together—not any one religious group," Alan said.

Not everyone, of course, felt the decency rally was necessary or worthwhile. One young woman named Sherrie Good said, "I feel the decency rally was one big farce."

First, at least one-third of the teenagers were forced to go by parents or leaders of their religious affiliations. Second, a large percentage of those who attended were adults."

One adult observer was somewhat frightened by the emphasis on nationalism. "It was not the spontaneous outpouring of teenage enthusiasm whether inspired by decency or more likely the offerings of the entertainers that was the disturbing element which seeped into the Orange Bowl rally. It was a sense of insidious professionalism created by the participation of politicians, members of the American Legion, and the emphasis on patriotism. When patriotism becomes synonymous with nationalism, we are indeed in trouble. This is what wars are made of."

Tom Rounds, the 32-year-old president of the Miami Pop Festival which brought 34 rock and folk acts to Gulfstream Park in neighboring Hallandale last December, was concerned with the vibrations the Morrison concert and subsequent rally sent through the music world.

"We even doubt that Morrison's performance had anything at all to do with today's music. In our opinion, Morrison is an aberration, a 25-year-old millionaire who has used success to impose his own perverted interpretation of 'the revolution.' As it turned out, the indifference of the audience to Morrison's performance was the most effective form of censorship." Faced with the possibility that Hallandale city father will not allow a repeat of his trouble-free pop festival next year, he fears formal censorship of contemporary music

because of reactions to the Morrison concert.

Others criticized the rally for the type of entertainment featured there, pointing out Jackie Gleason's reputation for hard drinking and his long-time romance with his personal secretary while separated from his wife. One bell-bottomed wag asked how much teens were paid to ask for Miss Bryant's autograph.

Alan figures some people objected to the rally because they "get hung up on the word 'decency.'" He maintains his group was not formed "to get Jim Morrison" or the promoters who brought him to the area. It was a statement of general concern. "We're not a bunch of goody-goodies closing up dance joints. We're just worried about all the problems coming up."

Since the rally, members of the executive committee have been missing classes to travel around the country promoting the rally idea. Mike and Julie appeared on the "Today" television show in March and Mike also gave some pre-rally pointers to the Baltimore rally organizers. (He, incidentally, believes the Baltimore trouble was caused because of a small minority.)

One executive committee member Jim Reynolds, addressed a "Youth for Decency" rally in an Enterprise, Ala., football stadium at which more than 16,000 persons heard former Gov. George Wallace say the rally "exemplified the American dream which I subscribe to. The movement as it spreads from Miami to the rest of the country is going to have a healthy effect, especially at the national level."



**OTHER POP GROUPS FEAR FORMAL
CENSORSHIP BECAUSE OF THE
DOORS' CONCERT.**

Jackie Gleason was one of the celebrities who spoke

That was not a political statement, says Jim. The former presidential candidate had promised no campaign speeches before he was allowed on stage.

"We are going to have to make sure the adults helping us keep in line," Jim said. "Mr. Wallace was informed and agreed before coming that he was supporting teenagers as a citizen, not a politician."

That's where the right adults come in, he added, explaining that much of the work must be accomplished through the cooperation and influence of adults.

Jim is president of the recently formed Youth for Social Progress, founded by the 12 executive committee members of the rally with an adult advisory board. The proposed purposes of the new organization

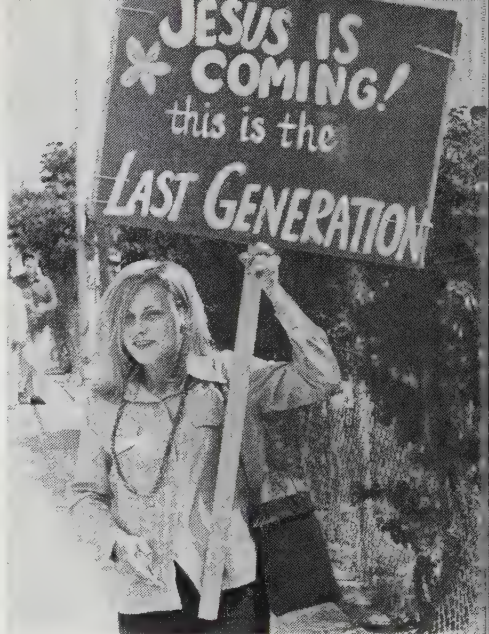
are two-fold. As an administrative function, the Youth for Social Progress (YSP) will issue a regular news letter letting Miami youth know what opportunities for community service are available in the area and what other youth are doing. They do not believe they will have time or staff to actually screen the possibilities for merit.

They hope to exercise a governing function by sitting as a special youth commission with the county board of commissioners, supplying a youthful view on today's issues.

Neither plan is unique in Miami with the YSP. A county-wide Youth Council, sponsored by the United Fund and the National Conference of Christians and Jews, spent two months planning a high school institute on human relations, held in

OUT OF THE RALLY CAME A NEW GROUP—YOUTH FOR SOCIAL PROGRESS.

The stadium was filled with 30,000 youth and adults, many of whom brought posters, signs, and banners.



early May, which acted as a clearing house of ideas and possible solutions to problems faced by high school students. The group also has a proposal before the city commission (a group apart from the county commission) to appoint a teenager to sit with every commissioner and share opinions when asked.

The clearing house aspect has for some time been handled by the Volunteer Service Bureau, another United Fund agency, which fits teenagers with volunteer needs and sponsored a Teen Help Day in May to lend a helping hand wherever the need existed—with migrants, in the ghettos, in hospitals and nursing homes, and with emotionally disturbed and retarded children.

What is unique about the YSP is the number of donations which have

been literally flooding the teens since the rally was announced. Although no one volunteers exact figures, about \$3,000 was raised to cover insurance premiums for the rally. This sum included \$500 from the American Legion, \$250 from the Republican Executive Committee of Dade County, and \$47 in nickels and dimes from a junior high school. The city of Miami donated the use of the stadium. Donations have continued coming in since the rally.

A retired vice president of Chase Manhattan Bank has pledged to contact every Dade County banker to ask for contributions to finance a 30 to 40-minute film on the morals and decency of teenagers. The non-profit film will begin with footage of the rally and be available for free distribution to schools and churches.

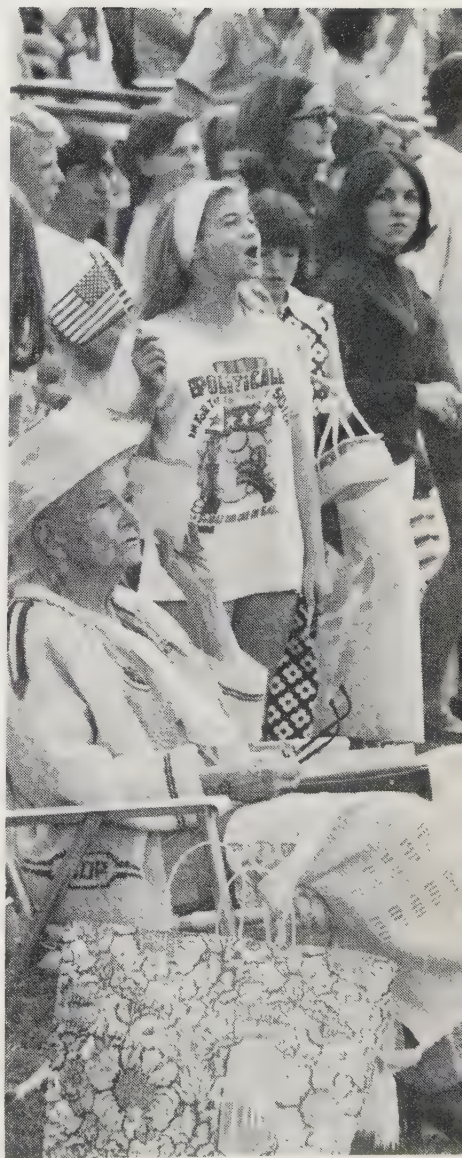
Despite their enthusiasm for the future of their decency movement and their plans to build a base of younger teenagers to continue the effort as the original organizers move on to college, the Miami youth don't claim to represent all teenagers in the country or even Miami. The number of teenagers in Miami is estimated at 70,000. Even if all 30,000 at the rally were teenagers (although they weren't, estimates of how many range from "most" to "less than half"), Youth for Social Progress cannot claim to represent even half of the local youth population on basis of rally attendance.

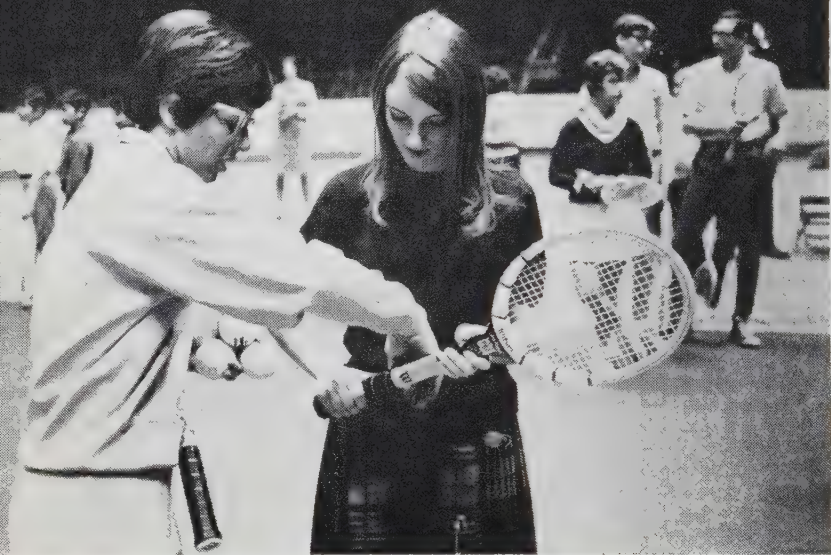
That doesn't mean Jim Reynolds has no plans to extend the support. As the group works to spread the movement to other cities upon request, it will not forget Miami teens. Jim's first act in office was to begin the distribution of almost a thousand letters to junior high, high school, college, and church groups asking them if they were interested in "doing something to serve the community." If so, they were asked to send representatives to YSP meetings.

Jim admits the organization's name may turn some people off by the "little bit dull" name, but the majority of the executive committee turned down snappier names because Youth for Social Progress "explained what we want to do."

What they want to do now is represent all Miami teens.

"I don't think we represent anyone now," Jim admitted. "We're kind of self-appointed. Now we have to try to get some teenagers to back us up."





BORN WITH A TERRIBLE DESIRE TO WIN

BY EILEEN FOLEY / Rackets in hand, they had come to get tennis tips from the queen of the courts. Her name was King—Billie Jean, known as Jilly Bean first to friends and then fans.

Pug-nosed, freckle-faced, forever young, she was the world's woman professional tennis champ. Twenty-five, but looking not much older than the sneaker-shod kids she had come all the way from Australia to coach.

Occasion was the Planters' Peanut Clinic for the Philadelphia International Indoor Open tennis championships, the world's first indoor competition featuring both amateurs and professionals—men like 40-year-old Pancho Gonzales, Lt. Arthur Ashe, Ecuador's Pancho Segura, Australia's Tony Roche and

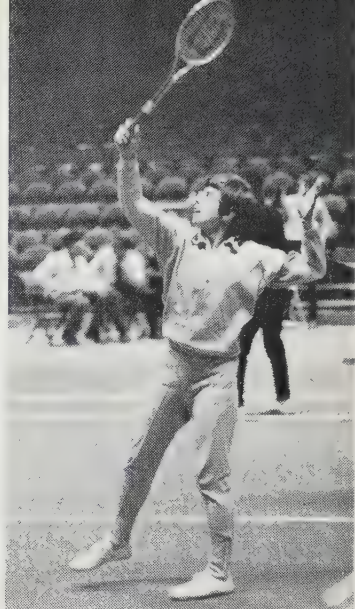
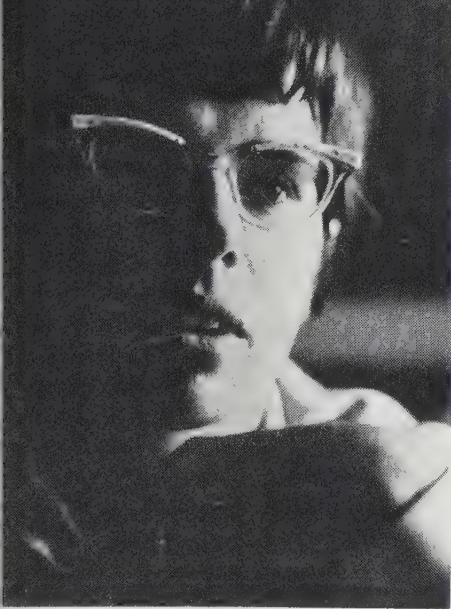
the bearded Dane, Torben Ulrich.

Nobody Billie Jean King of California hadn't encountered before in her globe-girdling tennis games—including her clinic assistant, Mrs. Althea Gibson Darben, who is as good a golfer as tennis player.

Youngsters, bringing notebooks carried them home blank, for Billie Jean doesn't believe in 1-2-3 type tennis as much as she does in individual coaching; and more than that, in motivation.

"I did a six-part magazine series on strategy last year and thought it was terrible," she said. "Anyone can read a tennis book. The important thing is to want to play, and then get out there and do it!"

This, she feels, is where the United States falls right down on



NO MATTER WHAT, ♣ BILLIE JEAN KING

its fancy whites. Being an all-out active sport, you'd think tennis would be an All-American sport, she says. But no—the British import game still has a country club image here, without the prestige it enjoys in its motherland.

British teen-aged tennis buffs virtually mob their idols with the frenzy more often found here at singer Tom Jones' concerts; they scour Sunday papers for word of the players' private lives; they won't budge from the "telly" when networks carry a tennis match.

"A Wimbledon winner," remembers Billie Jean, who has taken the title three times, "is a celebrity, like a movie star here. A great formal ball, and we dance the first dance—oh, England is all time; you really

get spoiled there."

"Tennis players are big stuff in Australia, too—even in Iron Curtain countries," the champ continued. "When I played in Russia in 1962 I was loaned a chauffeured car."

The 5'5" Californian with the wicked serve isn't suggesting U.S. obeisance before the best racket swinger—but it "bugs" her that this country consigns its tennis, in the main, to private courts.

"I was a maverick, making it up through the ranks with group lessons on public courts in Long Beach," she says. "I always played on cement surfaces—didn't even know my legs weren't SUPPOSED to hurt."

Blue eyes snapping through her pastel-rimmed spectacles, she warms to her prime complaint: "Look

around the average community—you'll spot oodles of Little League ball fields, but how many tennis courts? Token, that's all, and half the time the nets are torn or gone.

"Look at the tennis articles in *Sports Illustrated*—too clubby, much too clubby. Drawings of Forest Hills. You picture people sitting under umbrellas sipping mint juleps—no wonder Americans think of tennis as a sissy sport. It's not. It takes hard work and so much stamina."

The bubbly brunette, her straight hair shorn short, demonstrated that stamina statement at the clinic. Backed up to the net in line with Althea Gibson Darben and Arthur Ashe, Billie Jean rallied for hours with a seemingly endless string of student tennis players. Clearly, the clinic was meant for action, not talk.

But Billie Jean can't breathe, much less move, without talking.

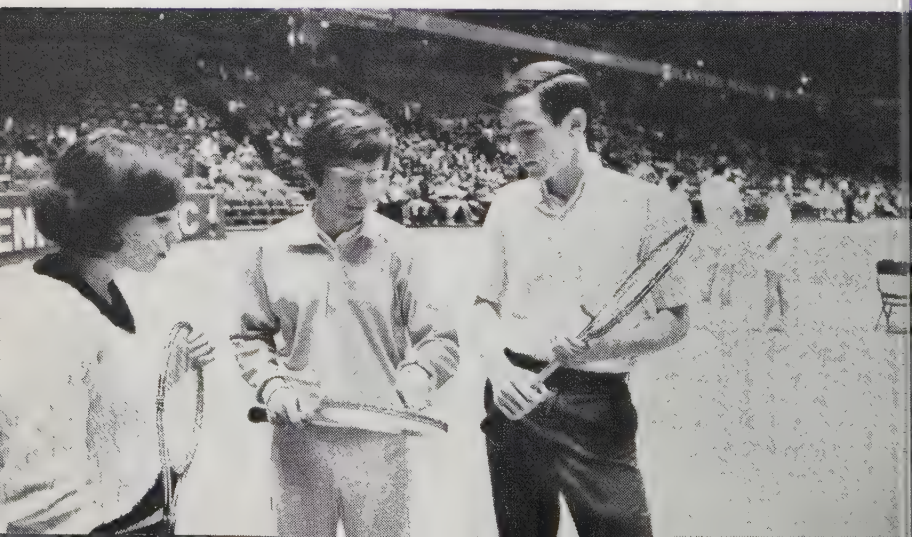
Tots to teenagers, the kids too turns at batting the ball back as best they could, and one by one each style was analyzed with a sample of the cheerful chatter that distinguishes Mrs. King from most of her colleagues.

"Run run!" she'd shout. "Watch the ball!" (groan) "These backhands from Philadelphia are all the same. You're too close to the ball. Back. Get back. You need a broader stance—that's OK."

"You can't just slam at it. The weight goes on the front of the foot. Straighten your elbow. Beginner's biggest problem is that they get too close to the ball. Back away from it!"

The tiny tennis titan is becoming quieter in competition, but time was when staid officials looked askance at her habit of "yakking it up" herself on the court.

"... sometimes you have to lose, while you're revamping your game. It pays off later."



"Come on, you fat little thing," she'd chide herself. Or, "You idiot!" in mock despair. "Hit the ball, you chicken," and "You've got the touch of an ox!"—all comments that wouldn't be too endearing had they darted from someone else's mouth.

But don't expect her to be embarrassed about it. "So why should it matter what I say?" she sniffs. "Baseball and football and basketball players are all out there cussing like troopers. Not tennis players—oh, no, they must be jolly nice all the time.

"And another thing," she adds, "What's wrong with tennis fans yelling and cheering and even booing, too? It's all too formal—*Mister Gonzales, Lieutenant Ashe*. Can't you just hear an announcer introducing *Mister Namath* at a Jets game?"

Known for her peppery opinions, Billie Jean King is equally famous for her friendliness. She talks freely to the press. She poses with fans for pictures and never refuses autograph requests if there is an idle second—"I remember how shy I was as a child, how crushed when someone wouldn't give me an autograph," she says, looking bleak. "You won't believe how shy I was, the way I talk now, but I couldn't even give an oral book report in the fourth grade!"

So she showed no hesitation in hustling off to a post-clinic lunch with this reporter, photographer Ed Eckstein, and two tennis players plucked from the crowd. How were the students chosen? Mostly at random, but mainly by sex (one of each), age (high schoolers) and . . . well, poise. They looked clean-cut

and alert. They exuded enthusiasm—eagerness to learn, willingness to try. That these qualities weren't lost on their classmates, the conversational Mrs. King discovered later. Both, as it turned out, were not only on their schools' tennis teams but were class officers, too.

Everett Fitzgerald of West Chester, a tall junior at Henderson High School, was president of his 700-member class. Susan Parker of Wenonah, New Jersey, also a junior, was treasurer for her 200 classmates. Coincidences didn't end there: Susan hadn't worn her spectacles on court, but both had horn-rimmed glasses. Everett's father is a biologist; Susan's mother teaches biology. (Her father is an engineer.) Still, they had different questions for Billie Jean, whose father is a city fireman.

"I did odd jobs to earn money for my first tennis racket," Billie Jean remembers. "And I always played in public parks, took group lessons, never wore whites. Usually it was a tossup between my getting new tennis shoes or dress shoes, and tennis always won."

Born Billie Jean Moffitt (giving rise to her early sports nickname of "Little Miss Moffitt") on Nov. 22, 1943, the short-legged champ had a head start to athletics: her father had been a school track runner, baseball and basketball player; her mother a skilled swimmer. Her younger brother plans a professional baseball career.

"I started out on a softball team, but decided at 11 it wasn't too ladylike," she recalls. "My dad suggested tennis. I said, 'What's that?'"

Swimming she had scratched as



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being unsuitable to her ability; golf was too slow.

"Tennis seemed next best to softball, because I love to run and to hit the ball," she explained.

After four years of practicing more than playing, she won her first big tournament. A year later, at 16, she had her first private lesson, from tennis great Alice Marble; Little Miss Moffitt had become 20th in the U.S. among women tennis players. And at 17 she and Karen Hantze became the youngest twosome to win women's doubles at Wimbledon. They repeated their victory the following year, in 1962.

"In the beginning I walked 3½ miles to school every day to make my legs stronger," said Billie Jean.

"Weekends I'd stand and hit ball one by one over the net for hours. I used to follow this one pro around to every Long Beach park where I gave free tennis lessons."

You needn't be rich to be tops in tennis, she maintains. "After you get fairly good you'll get free racquets from sports manufacturers, and tennis fans will donate money to send you to tournaments. That's how I got to the 1958 National Girls' 15 and Under Championships in Middletown, Ohio. Of course, I couldn't afford to go on to eastern tournaments but you can still hang in there."

Early in her tennis career Billie Jean learned a harsh fact of life, that sometimes you must back-track

in order to get ahead in tennis.

"A lot of kids don't realize this, or they won't admit it because they hate to lose," she said. "But sometimes you have to lose, while you're revamping your game. I used to think a net game was *me*, until that first public parks pro insisted I get in the backcourt and learn ground-strokes first. It *killed* me to lose but it paid off later."

Even more traumatic, after becoming the world's No. 4 female player despite her part-time tennis status, was her decision to devote herself to hitting the top. It meant redoing her game completely, quitting Los Angeles State College, where she was close to getting a degree in psychology, leaving her fiancé, and flying to Australia for three months' workout with former Aussie Davis Cup player Marvyn Rose.

An Australian tennis philanthropist footed the bill, and Billie Jean learned the frustration of losing constantly, as she shortened her strokes, altered her timing, strengthened her forehand and serve.

"The first few weeks I thought I'd die, I was so exhausted mentally and physically. But if I hadn't done all that work I'd never have become No. 1."

How, Everett wondered, does she condition for her game? And what kind of court surface is best? "European clay," she answered quickly. "As for conditioning—it really depends on the person. Sprints are very good for tennis—five minutes slow, then a 50-to-100-yard-dash. But running, by itself, bores me to

tears. Some players can actually work too hard—it takes the spirit out of them.

"I drill very, very hard on the court, doing the two-on-one drills the way I did in Australia: two players guard one side of the net and run you all over the court returning their shots. Boy, it really builds up your stamina!

"I warm up my legs with a lot of calisthenics, and I work out down on my back. You really have to build up your stomach muscles—that's where all the power for your overhead shots comes from. The Australians do a lot of kangaroo jumps, touching their knees to their chest, and they run a mile or two a day, plus situps and pushups. They do weight lifting and pulley work from walls, too, and jumping rope."

Lately, Billie Jean said, she has curtailed her conditioning because of a September knee operation to correct a cartilage defect aggravated in a car accident.

"I lost 25 pounds in the hospital!" she said gleefully. Gleefully, because she has suffered a lifelong weight problem—despite all that exercise. And not too many years ago a severe intestinal ailment caused her to stick to a starchy diet—"That's all I needed," she groaned.

In Philadelphia, however, she determinedly ordered only a soft drink and jello, and confessed to skipping breakfast often. In the way most one-time chubbies do, even after becoming svelte, Billie Jean maintains her self-image of being too well-rounded. Queried by one fan about

the fabric of her baby blue stretch warmup suit, she explained that she had acquired it in Australia, and liked it "because I'm so fat, and this is such thin material it makes me look slimmer." This, despite a superb figure any teenager would envy!

Susan asked if the champ ever got scared in competition.

"I get pretty keyed up," Mrs. King admitted, "but you have to, to do well. The warmup helps a lot to ease that nervousness—I do 45 minutes' hard warmup before a match. And of course you watch your opponents while they're warming up, too."

The next question was a natural from these two juniors: Does she find her eyesight a handicap?

"I'm pretty blind all right, 2400 vision, nearsighted," she said, smiling. "I tried wearing contact lenses on the court once and saw peripheral volleys and ground strokes I'd never seen before. But I can't tolerate contacts—the wind and sand bothers me, so I stick to my glasses."

The students also were interested in her choice of racket—"It's a Wilson steel racket, around \$50 or so, but I get them free. Their strings are great—like tiny trampolines."

Wilson, she explained, is one of the commercial "accounts," along with Maxwell House Coffee and other items to which she lends her name and approval. "I figure I'll make around \$70,000 this year, from everything," she said. "Not bad for an old lady of 25 with a bum knee."

Billie Jean has always been can-

did about her belief that all tennis players should turn pro. "Who're they kidding, pretending they're not making their living at tennis, with expenses paid and all? Yet you have to be sneaky about it—it's not right."

All pro, and in the Olympics, too—tennis should be a major sport, she thinks. "One of the reasons American men have such a tough time in tennis is because of the draft—they have to stay in college for deferments—and because of this junk about being amateur."

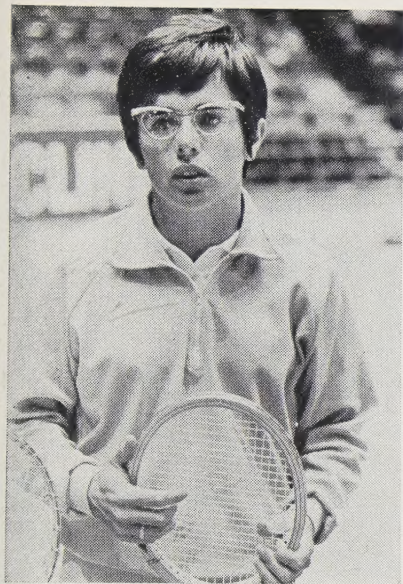
But American women have a problem as pros, too. "It's the old saw about woman's role in society," she said, crinkling her nose in distaste.

"You know, my parents think that we communicate beautifully with each other but we don't—not in my opinion. They're not really tennis people, they're baseball people. It wasn't 'til last year that I finally got them to Wimbledon to watch me."

"And they can't see how much I love tennis—they think it's time for me to settle down and have a family, that it's not fair to Larry."

Larry King, a law student at the University of California in Berkeley, is one of the few who understand about her and tennis—that's why she married him, after mutual friends at Cal State told her he'd be perfect for her—despite being a year her junior.

"He has this great sense of humor—he signs autographs 'Mr. Billie Jean King,' but he's the one who urged me to put my all into tennis—and I've not regretted it. Not even when we're apart for weeks."



"... not bad for an old lady of 25 with a bad knee."

and months at a time."

Concerning college—she queried Everett and Susan about their uncertain ambitions—she is as contradictory as outspoken persons often are. She is convinced, she told them, that she has gotten a lot more from travel and meeting people than she ever would have gleaned from her psychology books. Yet in another enthusiastic burst of her philosophy, she underlined the importance of education as a guard against dictators taking over any country.

The exuberant athlete has equally ambivalent ideas about religion.

The Rev. Bob Richards, the

Church of the Brethren's most noted athlete was one of her early idols.

"He used to pole vault behind the church when I was about 11 to 13—he had a great influence on me, a terrific influence. I guess because he loved life so much, a real go-getter. He taught me you have to get out there and work, and love your work."

In recent years, however, her fervor for organized religion has waned. "I don't think God is dead," she said, "but I don't think it matters whether you believe in God or not. I'd never try to convert anyone." Then, somewhat contradictorily, "But people have to have something to believe in. Human beings always search. But travel makes you think. I've changed, and I hope for the better. I'm more open-minded now. I guess we're all searching for the same thing, but in many ways, different approaches."

Sooner or later, the inevitable question comes from a novice to a pro: Are tennis champions born or carved out of hard work?

"Born," Billie Jean replied quickly. "You're born with a terrible desire to win, no matter what. And then you work toward it."

"Right now," she added somewhat wistfully to Susan and Everett, "I'm not much different than you two—I feel as if I'm at the end of something . . . or the beginning. You can't be on top forever, and Larry and I want to set up tennis clinics in underprivileged neighborhoods, with tennis scholarships and . . . Tennis should be for everyone!" ▼



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